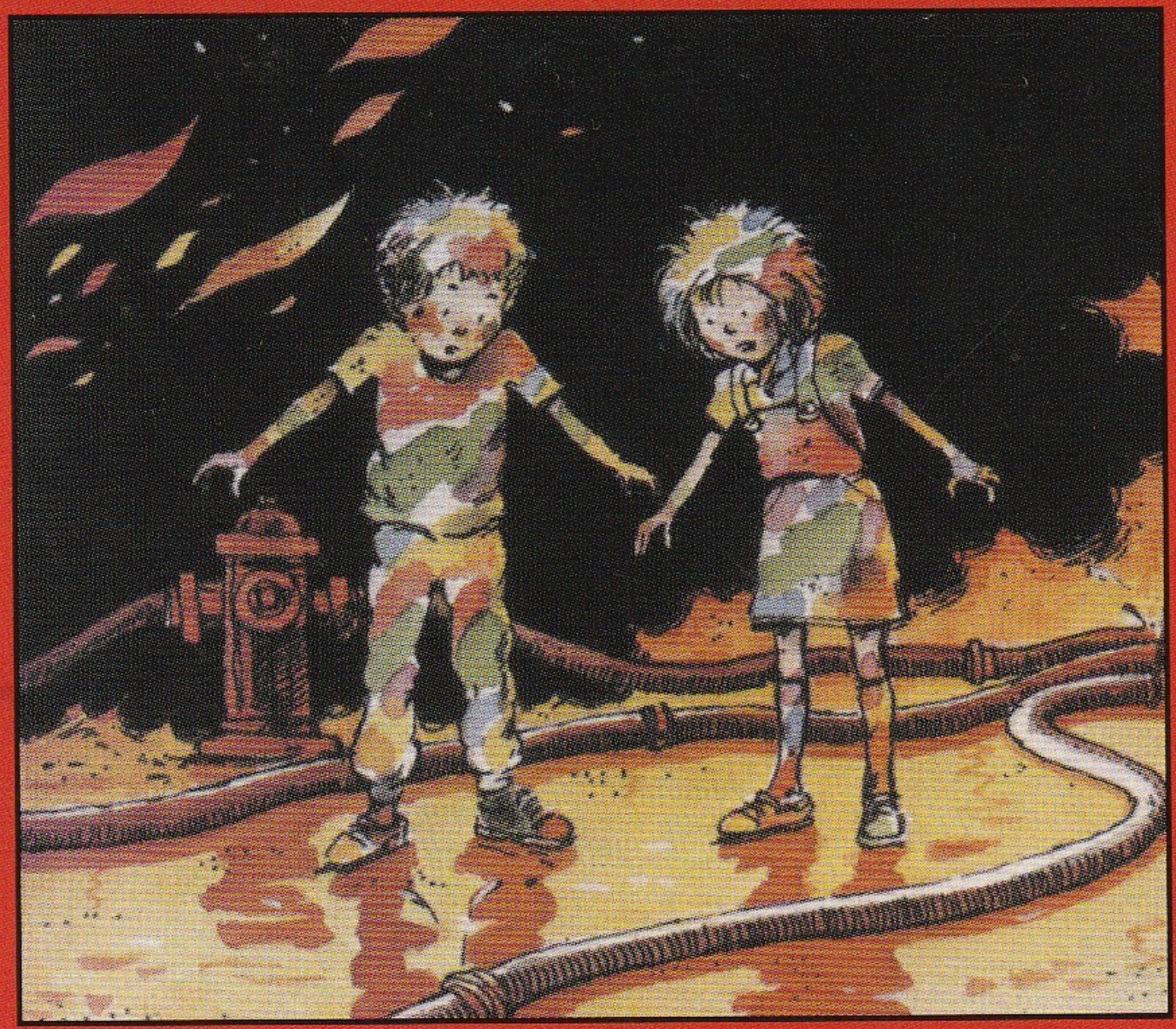
THE FIRE STATION

Story by Robert Munsch • Art by Michael Martchenko



Michael and Sheila were walking downtown. They passed a fire station and Sheila said, "Come on, Michael, let's go in!"

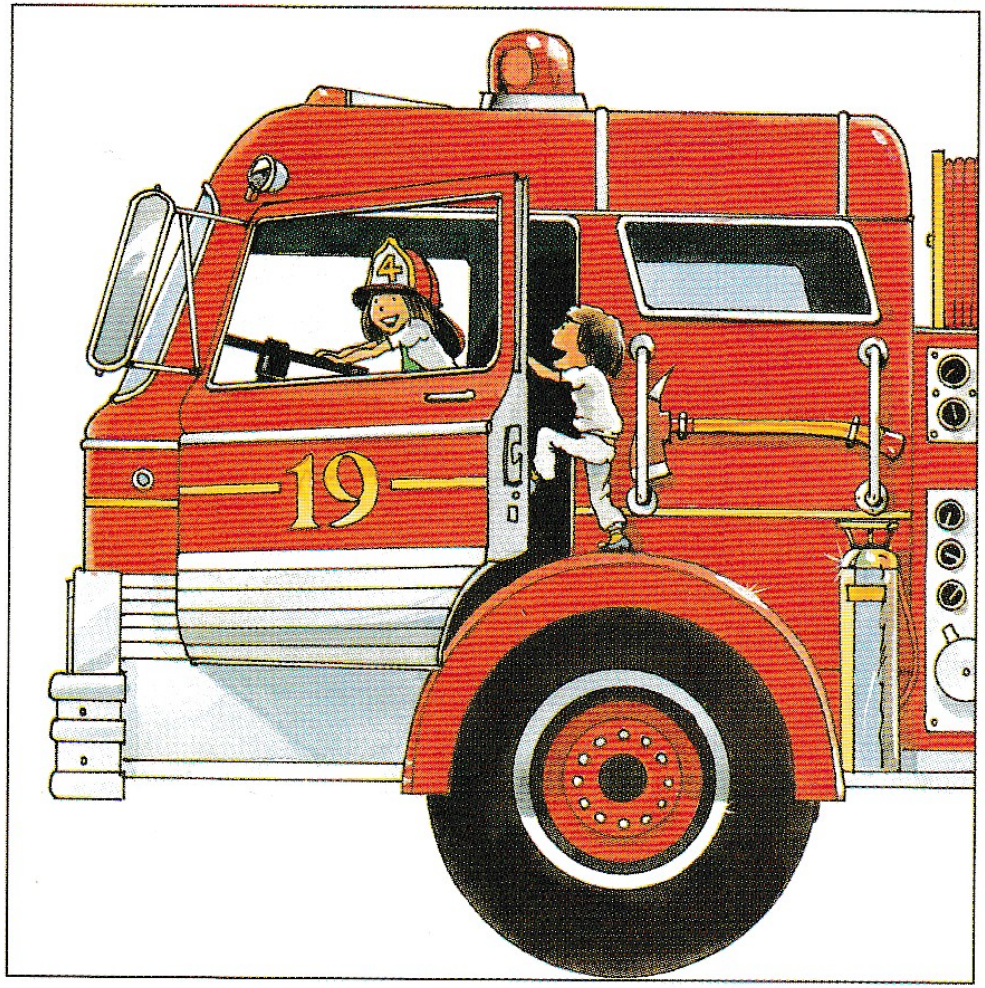
Michael said, "Well, I don't know. Maybe it's not a good idea. Maybe we should ..."

But Sheila grabbed his hand and said, "Oh, come on." So they walked up to the front door and knocked on it.

A large fireman opened the door and Sheila said, "We want to see fire engines."

The fireman let them in and they looked all over.

When they came to the largest fire engine of all, Sheila jumped in the back seat and said, "Come on, Michael." So Michael jumped in too.



Just then a very loud bell rang. Firemen came running from all over. They jumped on the fire truck and drove away to put out a fire. They didn't look in the back seat. Michael and Sheila were in the back seat.

The fire truck came to a tremendous large building that was all full of fire and smoke. The firemen took their hoses and squirted water all over. Lots of yucky colored smoke came up. It got all over Sheila and colored her purple, green, and yellow. It got all over Michael and colored him yellow, green, and blue.

When the fire truck got back to the fire station, Michael and Sheila ran home.

Michael got home first. He knocked on his door and his mother opened it. She saw an incredibly messy boy and said, "You can't come in and play with Michael. You're too dirty." Then she slammed the door right in Michael's face.

"My own mother," said Michael, "she didn't even know me." He knocked on the door again.

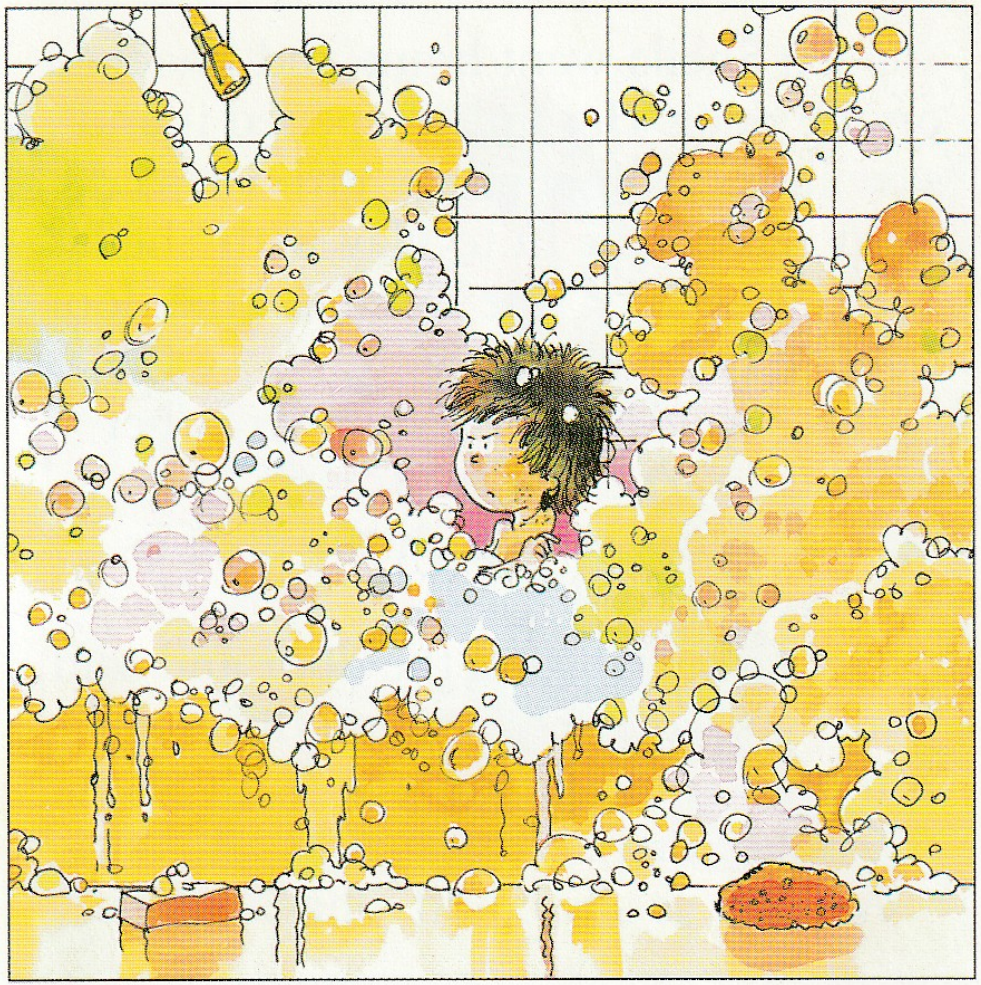
His mother opened the door and said, "You can't come in and play with Michael. You're too dirty."

Before she could slam the door, Michael yelled, "Wait, I am Michael."

His mother looked at him very, very, very closely. She said, "Why yes, you are Michael. How did you get so dirty?"

"Well," said Michael, "I went to a fire in the back of a fire truck and yucky smoke got all over me and I WASN'T EVEN SCARED."

His mother took him upstairs and threw him into a tub. She had to wash him for three days to get him clean.



Next Sheila went home and knocked on the door. Her father opened it and saw an incredibly messy girl. He said, "You can't come in to play with Sheila. You're too dirty." He slammed the door right in her face.

"Ow," said Sheila. "My own father and he didn't even know me." She kicked and pounded on the door as loud as she could.

Her father opened the door and said, "Now stop that racket, you dirty girl. You can't come in and play with Sheila. You're too dirty."

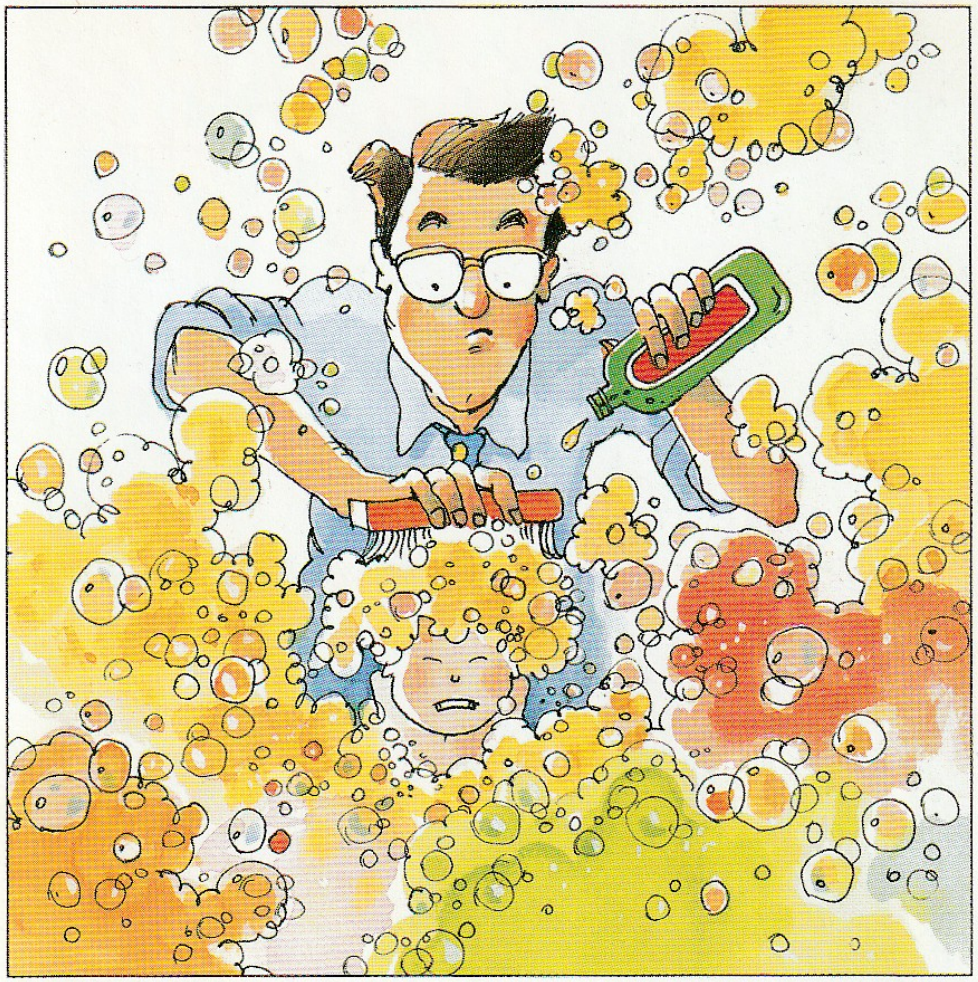
As loud as she could, Sheila yelled,

"I am Sheila."

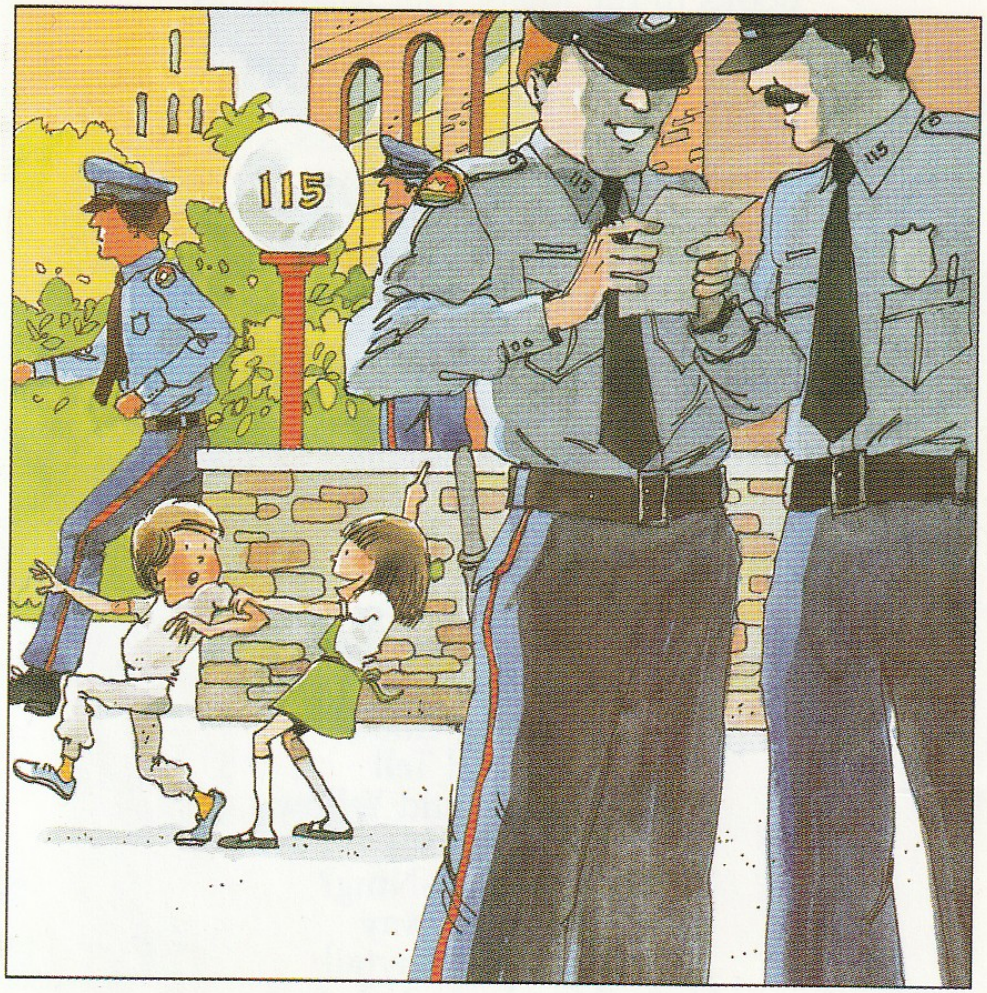
Her father looked at her very, very, very carefully. He even looked in her ears and between her toes. "Good heavens," he said, "you really are Sheila. How did you get so dirty?"

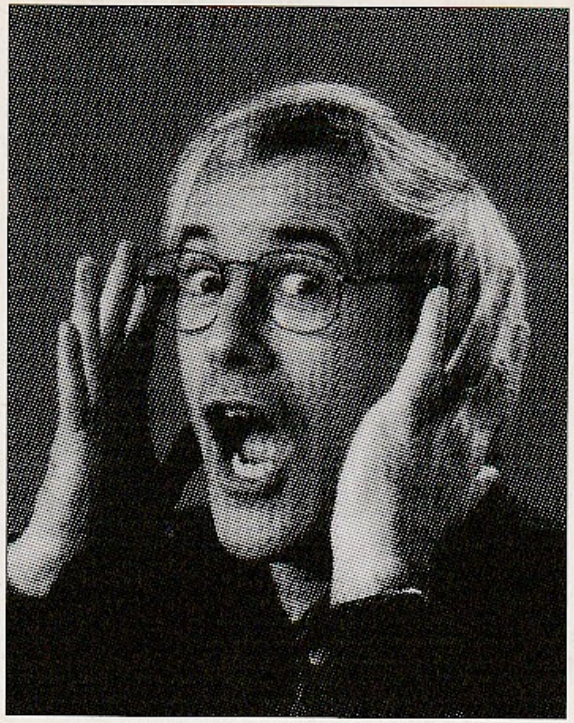
"Well," said Sheila, "I went to a fire in the back of a fire truck and yucky smoke got all over me. I WASN'T EVEN SCARED."

Her father took her upstairs and threw her in a tub. He washed her for five days to get her clean.

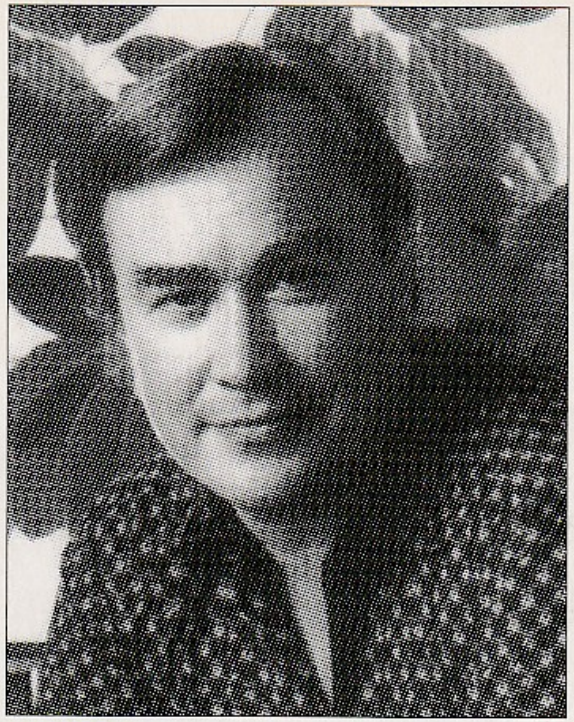


Michael and Sheila were walking downtown. They passed a police station ...





Robert Munsch



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